9/14/69

Dear Gary,

I've fnnished and am returning "The Strange Death of Marilyn Monroe". It and the author of real wierdos. He has taken a viable thing and so beclouded it with his own and unfortunately not his private political sickness to the point of ruin. With these people, to whom truth is what they will it to be, it is never pissible to know what is right and what is their own special concept converted into fact. The inference that Bobby had he knocked off by the Communist papparatus of which he allegedly was part, and the really sick description of their "discipline", is farthur out that Welch!

I went over parts of this in parts of time, so my recollections of what Cappell indetnded me to accept as fact are ubclear. My overall impression is that he adds nothing, really, to my knowledge and little to my understanding. Howver, I am glad I did read it and appreciate the loan of it.

Lately, since the defection of Goldwater's former speech writer to the left, or at least his proclamation of it, I have been thinking more and more of these strangers to life of the right. Some I know are people of the most decent intent, I suspect dominated by fears of what they do not understand. Aside from the extremely wealthy and the unprincipled promoters, like Butler, they fall into two broad groups, those rather well off, much better off than people with better than average jobs, and the ordinary workin stiffs. I think that, as time passes, there will be more and more of a bond between the latter and the left, for both, really, have a deep disquiet about the same things. One example of this is in a letter I got from my bad boy, if you recall it.

Sincerely,